Brussels, June 10.

MME. CARNOT'S PARTY.

THE DUC D'ORLEANS AS HE APPEARED TO HIS JAILER AT CLAIRVAUX. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

To-day's garden party at the Elysee took the character of an afternoon ball, the concert hall of the Palace baving been given up to dancing. To intimate on the card of invitation that dancing was to take place was to secure a great display of elegant toilettes. There were dresses in nearly all kinds of materials-in Chinese crepe, in nuns veil, in foulard, in glace silk, in soft faille, in brocade. Madame Carnot was in green of a pale blueish tone, plain in the skirt, and having leg of mutton sleeves. Her hat was trimmed with the palest of pink roses in full bloom. She and M. Carnot came out for some time and sat on the terrace under the glass veranda which stretches along the garden in front of the terrace. The personages of the official, political and diplomatic worlds, of course, were present, Lady Lytton was in too deep mourning to attend. But I saw Lord Lytton. M. Carnot conducted the Baroness Mohrenheim, the Russian Ambassadress, to the hall when she was leaving. He is said to be none the better for his frequent tours in the Provinces. But it did not strike me that he looked at all ill. It would be marvellous, however, if the fatigue, excitement and, above all, the festivity which he must go through when he makes a Provincial tour had not a deleterious effect on a man of his quiet tastes.

The liberation of the Duc d'Orleans has caused no great stir anywhere-no, not even in Royalist localities. In the Chamber of Deputies it has taken for a while the sting out of Royalist opposition to the Ministry. The Orleanists are not able to get the nimbus of a martyr round the Duc's head, his stay in Clairvaux having been a pleasant change in the ordinary tenor of his life. He held receptions of relatives, friends and political partisans, carried on a voluminous correspondence and found a genial and very original and intelligent companion in the governor, M. Arnaud. This official belonged to the Cafe Procope Cenacle, of which Gambetta, when a young, briefless lawyer, was the king. He is scholarly, literary and an inveterate Bohemian-just what the working classes here would call "un bon zig." When the royal kindred of the Duc treated him with hauteur, he made them feel his resentment by making them wait till they were tired in an ante-room. When they gave themselves no airs he was good-natured. The Duc de Nemours and his son, the Due d'Alencon, thought it became their dignity to be on the high horse with M. Arnaud. The next time they visited Clairvaux they were told that he was busy writing, and could not let them see the prisoner until he had first some conversation with them; he would, therefore, ask them to wait until he had done. It was nearly time for them to leave to catch the train before the governor was able to see them. The Duc de Nemours and his son, the Duc d'Alencon, are the members of his family who cling most to old court ceremoniousness, and after them the Countess de Paris, in her relations with the tutors and governesses of her children. D'Alencon has been a little humbled by the Brazil revolution. But as he is still brother-in-law of the Empress of Austria, he thinks himself of other

clay than the common run of mortals. I met this morning the governor of Clairvaux, who had come up to make a verbal report to the Minister of the Interior on the Duc d'Orleans's five months' captivity. He says the Duc is singularly loquacious and that he has the pen of a ready writer. But though he is never at a loss for a flux of words, he has not many ideas. Not that he is a fool or dull. He is rather sharp, and has a good deal of nous. He has no taste whatever for study. The governor was bound to read all his letters, and had to get those in English translated. They were flippant and, what one does not always find in conjunction with flippancy, rhetorical. Young Philippe d'Orleans is vain. He was always interested in knowing what the journals said of him and what people thought of his adventure, and often wrote nonsense in trying to coin fine phrases which he no doubt thought would run like an electrical current through the nation. His friends did him the bad service of only scading him the journals which were partial toward him. One day he asked the governor to let him read those which he received. M. Arnaud handed him one as they were walking in the garden. There was a leading article in it from the pen of M. Rane, treating with sarcasm some attempts that were the admiration of the rrench as a martyr. When the pr ple as a martyr. When the prisoner perused it his face fell, and he was not in humor for talking during the rest of the promenade. He carefully cut out everything he saw about himself, and filled scrap-books with such cuttings. He also got the Duc de Luynes, the Princess de Chartres, his betrothed, and the Countess Butler, a lady of honor to the Countess de Paris, to make similar collections for him. If he subscribed to an argus agency he would probably have read much that was not meant to please him, and so trusted to the scissors of the just mentioned. He had a jaunty way of treating unpleasantnesses. The popularity of General Boulanger was, it may be surmised, what helped to urge him to attempt the conquest of France by entering the army as a conscript. He would have chosen the eavairy, his grandfather having been in that branch of the military service. Serving in the army in the ranks was an idea that seemed to have taken hold of him. He frequently aired it in his conversation and in his letters. He often spoke of India, and seemed to think that the English had no business to be there, the French ed it his face tell, and he was not in humor in his conversation and in his letters. He often spoke of India, and seemed to think that the English had no business to be there, the French having a prior claim. But he enjoyed his stay in that Eastern land, where he was a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade. The Duc de Lugnes, went to Brussels to meet the ex-captive, who had the discretion not to accept an invitation he received from the young Princess de Lizne to put up at her house. There has been quite an exodus of heavy-swell Royalists to England to be present at the Count de Paris's meeting with his son at Dover. All the noblemen who belong to what the Royalists term the "service of honor" of the Count are to be, or rather have been (since the meeting came off this afternoon) in attendance on that pretender. Republican France shrugs her shoulders and laughs. As M. Guyot, Minister of Public Works, remarked to-day: "What does it matter to us if there are noblemen of independent means who have a taste for playing the part of valets? If it amuses them to act seriously the part of courtiers, I am sure I do not object."

RUSSIAN STUDENTS IN PARIS.

HOW THEY LIVE-CHEAP LODGINGS AND STILL CHEAPER MEALS-TWO NOTABLE

PROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBENE. Paris, June 10.

Paris reporters, as soon as they heard of the arrest of sixteen alleged Nihilists by the orders of the Police Prefect, hastened to investigate the matter. They rould not, of course, interview the prisoners, who were held "an secret" at Mazas Jail, but they visited many of the comrades and countrymen of the suspected Russians. There are about 400 students from the Russian Empire now residing in Paris. Half of them are Poles and the others genuine Russians. All of them generally live on exceedingly small incomes, sent by their parents, and rendered smaller after the few roubles have passed through the expensive operation of changing into francs. But the students live with the strictest economy; and to do this Paris offers them almost incredible facilities Most of the Russians receive from \$12 to \$16 a month each, out of which is to be deducted the payment for their "inscription" or faculties' dues, which amounts to \$6 or \$5 for each term of three months' lectures. Their reduced cir-cumstances compel them to reside in the populous and cheap wards of the "rive gauche," or left bank, of the Seine, somewhere around and behind the Gobelius and the Zoological Garden. These wards of Croule-barbe, St. Victor and La Glaciere are mainly peopled by the workmen of the tanneries and dycing estab-lishments along the Bievre brook. The students are there in relative proximity to the faculties, laboratorie and other institutions, for the latter are principally

located in the "Latin quarter."

When a student or a political refugee arrives from the Muscovite Empire he is taken in charge, according to his nationality, either by the Polish or by the Russian association. A room with a rent of \$20 or \$30 a year is found for him. He has probably brought from his country furs and blankets, on which he sleeps on the bare floor until he has saved sufficient

If the student is too poor to pay his rent he is placed with another comrade, whose lodging he shares, thus paying only an annual rent of from \$10 to \$12. plan of living together is adopted by students in moderate circumstances. Thus Steganof and Ammasnief occupied in common, on the Boulevard d'Italie, a small apartment with a yearly rental of \$60, that made \$50 each; but they had more air and more room than if each had rented a miserable lodging for the same price. Near by the two sisters Krapoline and the couple Reinchtein lived together in an apart-ment of \$80 rent annually. They had three rooms and one kitchen. They thus could take their meals in common, and each one had only \$20 rent to pay.

As to their food, the Russian students are easily satisfied in Paris, inasmuch as they are used to a very sober life in their own country, where meat is eater by peasants and poor Moujicks only once a fortnight. In Paris they fill their stomachs with stale bread from the bakeries, or soldiers' bread, something like the German military "pumpernickel," purchased at the gates of the barracks. Whenever the poor student or refugee wants to have a "square meal" he repairs to one of the two "pensions," half boarding-house and half restaurant, kept by a countryman. Those who take their meals regularly there are charged from 84 40 to 86 a month. The price of each dish is never above 4 cents. The fundamental part of the daily meal is the "kacha," a kind of buckwheat cooked with bacon. In one of these two "pension there is, on the second floor, a Russian library, founded by Ivan Turguenieff.

This hard life of the student is also the lot of their countrywomen and of female refugees in Paris. Three of the latter have been arrested, as Nihilli conspirators. The most prominent of them is Mis-Justine Fedorova, born at Odessa twenty-two years ago. he was arrested by the Russian police when hardle sixteen years old, and because she persisted in carry ing food, books, etc., to some of her relatives an friends, was charged with being a revolutionist. escaped from jail, but was again arrested at Tagauro, for keeping a secret Nihilist printing establishment and sentencea to death. She escaped from the Russian gendarmes, walked from Sheria to Paris, where she stadied the art of wood engraving, and made a living out of it. Miss Sigida, who recently died urder the lash in the prison of Kara, was implicated in the same Nihilist printing plot with Federova, now in jail at Paris. Another imprisoned woman, Miss Susan Bromberg, of Jewish origin, was following the courses of the medical faculty in Paris. She is twenty-one years of age, and exclusively devoted to her studies and not at all to publics. Mrs. Reineinstein, twenty-four years old, was born of Russian parents, owners of some land. She studied at Zurich, then at Berne, where she was to receive the doctor's diploma on the very month when she was arrested in Paris under the charge of Nihilism. Her thesis for doctorate had been admitted as so meritorions that it was decided to publish it at the expense of the Berne University. escaped from jail, but was again arrested at Tagaun for keeping a secret Nihilist printing establishme and sentenced to death. she escaped from the Ru

A YOUNG HERO OF THE GUTTER.

HOW A YOUNG BOOTBLACK STOPPED A DANGER-OUS RUNAWAY ON THE BRIDGE.

"Ding, ding, ding" rang the electric gong at the New-York terminus of the Brooklyn bridge just at the busiest hour of an afternoon last week. Nearly all in the great throng that was pouring into the en trance turned their heads as they heard the impeluous note of warning. What was this gong! it sounded? Few in the crowd knew; but instinct ively they seemed to feel that something serious hi occurred. Instantly the policeman whose duty it is to watch the carriage exit at the northern side of the erminus had run to the strongly constructed gate thrown back against the building, and had unfastened

Then the word passed: "It's a runaway on the

Bridge, and it's coming this way !"

In another minute the crowd, springing up as it were from the ground, blocked Park Row, Several policemen strove valuely to keep the people back from the end of the driveway. Necks were craned and eyewere strained to catch a glimpse of the horse and wagon which was just coming into view at the top of the long stretch of paved approach to the Bridge.

Here he comes!" was the cry from a thous throats and people involuntarily drew back, as if to horse, it could be seen, was on a dead run, but so far

driver's seat and held the reins. raced against the footboard, his lips were set, and he was exerting all his strength to stop the mad the horse. But the incline is steep, the animal had evidently "lost his head," and was dashing to his certain destruction in an excess of mad terror. The policeman, with his hand on the gate. the animal not be stopped, to shut it in his face. People began to picture to themselves the crash, and turned away their heads in horror. There was pro-found silence in the awestruck crowd broken only by disconnected exclamations, and above all the im-portunate "ding, ding, ding" of the rong.

Down the long incline came the frightened steed, his black coat bespattered with foam, and swayed

From "Religious History of the World." From "Religious History of the World."

One of the strongest instances I have seen of such a deliberate practice of the 'Dum vivinnus, vivamus,' was mentioned by the clever and humorous surgoon, Mr. Wadd. He was called to a respectable, histy farmer, who had indulged in his strong home brewed ale till a scrious likees came upon him. After some attendance his medical friend told him that it was clear that unless he left off his favorite beverage he could not live six months. "Is that your serious professional opinion?" "I am certain of it." The farmer thought a few minutes: tears came into his evers he sighed heavily, and at last said: "I am corry for it—very sorry; it's very sad, but I cunnot give up my ale."

From The Providence Journal,

The earliest sea-serpent tale comes by way of Stonington from Captain David Tufts of the Eritish schooner Annie Harper. The captain is from St. Johns, N. B., with lumber, and put into port Saturday

schooner Annie Harper. The captain is from St. Johns, N. B., with lumber, and put into port saturday night.

He reports that Saturday morning, about 10 o'clock, when between Block Island and Watch Hill, his attention was attracted by a great commotion in the water about 150 yards from his vessel, and while his attention was drawn in that direction he saw what he is fully satisfied was a veritable sea serpent. At least he saw some hage monster that answered the description often given in other summers of such an animal by those who claim to have seen the mysterious monster. Whatever the animal may have been, the captain says that it appeared to be about 100 feet long. At one time it russed a tail thirty feet in the sir, waved it for a few seconds and then lashed the water into a foam. While this portion of the bedy was exposed Captain Tuffs had a good view of the same and describes it as being about the size of the main boom to his vessel, tapering to a fine point. In color it was a dark brown, with spots aimost black. The animal was going in an easterly direction, apparently at a speed of about ten miles an hour, and after his body disappeared from view the wake made by the monster was discernible for a long distance. As the weather was clear and nothing obscured the vision of the captain, his observation as above has transformed him from being sceptical as to the existence of sea serpents into a full believer in there being such a member of the family of marine monsters. Captain Tuffs has made several vovages to this port, and is ordinarily a thoroughly reliable man. Some Stonington people are inclined to believe in the serpent also.

AN UNUSUAL DIVORCE CASE.

FEVER EPIDEMIC.

HOW ONE OF THEM RAN A TRAIN THROUGH A

QUARANTINE BLOCKADE AT THE RISK OF HIS OWN AND

OTHERS LIVES. The lives of the telegraph operators of a few years ago were full of thrilling experience, few of which have been told in print excepting in their craft publeations, which the readers of daily newspapers never see. At the Telegraph Club the other night a number of "old time" operators entertained each other for hours with tales of their early adventures. them as told by the operator himself is of peculiar interest. The parrator was one of the best known xperts in the service of the Watern Union Telegraph ompany in 1878, when he was employed in the Phildelphia office. He is modest, and even at this late day will not consent to the publication of his name in connection with the story, which, as he related

You all remember how the yellow fever raged in he South in the summer of 1878, and how terribly fatal it was among the operators. The mails to the North were all quarantined, and the only communication between the two sections of the country by wire. When the operators began to die there were grave fears that communication would be shut off altogether, leaving the South without means of indicating its needs to the generous North. Such an a telegraph key. We backed up to Medina, filled indicating its needs to the generous North. Such an event would have been like lowering a black curtain between two sections, leaving the South to struggle alone in darkness with the plague. The scourge was at its height in september, when the deaths in Memphis and New-Orleans ran up into the hundreds daily. Every day an operator would die, and every day the wires became more crowded with urgent appeals for relief. Early in September all Northern operators were informed that the company would like a few volunteers to go South. No appeal was made by the a plumb line company, but hints were thrown out that volunteers were badly needed.

"In response to these hints seven men formally offered their services. Two were operators in Pittsburg, two in Cincinnati, two in Philadelphia and one in Boston. The Pittsburg and Cincinnati men were first called upon and were sent to Memphis. All four fell victims to the fever and died within a week after reaching their destination. The rest of the volunteers were badly scared. At least, I know that I was, and I was glad that I we sho least, I was conscious of seeing flying forms. that I was, and I was glad that I was the last on the list. The other Philadelphia man was ordered to New-Orleans, and went on his way as far as St. Louis. where he was arrested on a trumped up charge by his mother and was sent to jail to keep him from carrying out his dangerous mission. The sixth man was then and at French's Hotel the night he arrived he met ome Southern people who told him some bloodcurdling tales of the horrors of the plague. A pistol was accidentally discharged in his room that night, and the flesh wound made in his leg by the bullet rendered it impossible for him to travel further. General Superintendent John C. Hinchman telegraphed to me in Philadelphia asking if I was ready to proceed to New-Orleans. Nobody ever know how tempted I was to back out. The cold sweat absolutely dropped from my head as I considered my reply. Finally determined to go, let the result be as it might, and replied to Mr. Hinchman that I would start the fol-lowing night. I took a train out into the country that night and bid my parents good by. morning when my father left me at the train he said he hoped but did not expect to see me again on

BIDDING HIS FAMILY FAREWELL.

"Returning to Philadelphia, I found awaiting me the Milan, Tenn., where other passes in my own name would be handed to me. A lot of my friends went to the station to see me off, but it was an extremely until I reached Rowling Green, Ky., which was then delphia I the northern limit of the fever line. We had passed appealed to that he would send a train out, and only then when he got peremptory orders to do so. The train was seen made ready, and I got on board, the telegraph office injected had the fever and thisteen telegraph office injected had the fever and thisteen the same of the volunters who went had besides an engine, a combination bargage and his black coat beyattered with foam, and swayed from side to side by the frantic efforts of the young driver to slacken his gait. In some of these burches the horse and wagon narrowly missed striking the teams drawn up at the sides of the driveway. From a cab standing a few hundred feet up the driveway found be heard the hysterical screams of a woman. Still the horse had not slackened his speed. The policeman closed the gate and the crowd drew back, as if impelled by one will, holding its breath.

The horse had reached the stone balastrade that walls in the driveway for the space of about 100 feet from the sidewalk. A bare-legged hootblack, whose face showed pale beneath its coating of dust and grime, was seen standing on the balastrade. Suddenly the boy was seen to spring into the driveway in front of the plunging horse. He seized the ightened reins close to the bit, and raising himself from the ground hung at the horse's head. A shout went up from the crowd. The horse made several more plunges, then swayed from side to side, and finally stopped stock-still within a few feet of the stoat bars of the gate. The gong ceased ringing. Five minutes later the entrance to the Bridge had regained its usual appearance, and no one in the horrying flowds would have guessed that it had been the scene of an act of heroism.

Receiving her room she deposited a sum of money to remain open, and on the inputse of the moment I closed most of them. This brakeman was a delight ful companion. Knowing that I was going South, with hig chances of dying, he consoled the weary hours of the journey by telling me how many cases of fever had occurred among the refugees in that very car in the last up trp. When he told me that a sick woman had died in the seat in which we were, I opened the windows once more, preferring to take the chances of letting germs out as at least equal to those of letting others in. The trainmen all took a hand at telling me horrible stories of the suffering from fever on the last up trip, and when they saw that I would not be discouraged, they confessed that they had tried to frighten me away from the terrible country into which I was plunging.

NOTHING BUT CRACKERS TO EAT.

"The first town we reached where there was much suffering was Faris, Tenn. As the train pulled into the station, the only people there to meet it were half a dozen cadaverous negroes. I was almost famished and had to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to have f

the station, the only people there to meet it were half and had to have food of some kind at once. The only things that I could obtain which were fit to eat were a few crackers. We passed through town after town without seeing more than a dozen human beings in all, and they were negrees. The whites were all dead, or had fied to the North. We ran into a shotzan quarantine at Milan, and I had a heap of trouble to get food and my new passes. As yet that town had excaped the fever, and a quarantine had been established against both the North and south, as the fever was then raging on both sides. When I stepped from the train at Milan, a fellow leveled his gan at me and ordered me back into the train and got off on the opposite side. When the gunds were not looking I dashed into the telegraph office at the depot, presented my credentials and received my passes. There was a country store on the first of the store, and the distribution of the store in the store and the store when I heard a shout, and turning, saw that the guards were coming for me. I grabbed a page bag, lammed some crackers into it out of a barrel, seized a plug of tobiace, and threw down a silver foliar in payment. As the two gamers were colling up that the train as an about, and turning, saw that the guards were coming for me. I grabbed a page bag, lammed some crackers into it out of a barrel, seized a plug of tobiace, and threw down a silver foliar in payment. As the two gamers were tolling up the store hall in front of the store I work out of the backed on an advice.

STOPPED BY ROPES AND GUNS.

"At Medina, Tenn., the conductor told us that there was a shotgun and rope quarantine at Jackson, nine miles below, and that the train would not be allowed to go through. We were now in deep trouble, if we would surely be quarantine of the product of the part was a shotgun and rope quarantine at Jackson, nine miles below, and that the train would not be allowed to go through. We would surely be quarantine of the product of the product of the product of the

From The Chicago Tribune.

A lady entered a downfown store, made her purchases, and departed.

Do you know who that is 1° asked the salesman of a friend, who replied that he did not. And then this story was told:

"StopPED BY ROPES AND GUNS.

"At Median, Fenn., the conductor told us that the train would not be shifted by the purchase as a hostigun and rope quarantine at Jackson, the miles below, and that the train would not be slicked and became delirious. At one time there were doubts as to his recovery. The offic was in the city at the time attending to the intervence doubts as to his recovery. The offic was in the city at the time attending to the intervence and the did not a friend that he bad thought of his wife a good deal during his sickness; that he had fancied at one time that she was near him and attended him. The man said this tenderly. The friend to whom he related it caused it to be communicated to the first that the did now it have been talking bought a few steeled of whom I have been talking bought a handlowne residence on one of the avenues, and not long thereafter he moved into it and she went with him. That's all."

Jed Thomas, an arent of a drug hole, and much afterward to his ad to see good the salesman of a friend that he did not. And then the salesman of a friend that he did not. And then there were now in deep trouble to a business that was honorable and remunerative, and not be said to a friend that he had thought of his wife a good deal during his sickness; that he had fancied at one time that she was near him and attended him. The man said this tenderly. The friend to whom he related it caused it to be communicated to he continue the said to a friend that he had thought of his wife a good deal during his sickness; that he had fancied him the man said this tenderly. The friend to whom he related it caused it to be communicated to he man had been at a few sceled of the said to a friend that he had thought of his wife a good deal during his sickness; that he had fancied him the man had be

ONLY ONE RETURNED ALIVE told us, had visited the train the night before, agreeing to send food and medicine to it, but positively refusing to allow it to pass either way. No food or medicine had come, there was much need of ice and fresh water, and the trainmen were in a state of panie. Men armed with shotzuns, the conductor water and the trainmen were in a state of panie. said, were at the Jackson depot to prevent any one from cutting the big ropes which hung from posts on either side of the track. The sick men became dell'rious, and our situation was really terrible. on eiting the big ropes which hims from possion eiting sand our simulation was really terrible.

"All the morning I was busy mediating on a scheme for our relief, and finally I spoke of it in confidence to Jed, who at first pronounced it impracticable. It was in short that I was to act as engineer and run the train through Jackson at such a speed as to destroy the obstructions when, of course, we need not fear the shotgans. Jed shook his head, and said it was too dangerous; we might all be smashed up, and besides, how could I run the engine. I told Jed that my uncle was the master mechanic of a big railroad, that he had had me in his shops almost from childhood, that I fired an engine for six months, being compelled to give it up because I was not strong compelled to give it up because I was not strong compelled to give it up because I was not strong compelled to give it up because I was not strong compelled to give it up because I was not strong compelled to give it up because I was not strong chough for the work, and of my experiences with all sorts of engines since then. Then he thought the scheme was more feasible. We took the conductor into the plan, and he consented to it on condition that I prove my ability to handle the engine by running the train back to Medina for more wood and water. First, I said, I would walk down as near Jackson as possible, to observe the number and character of the obstructions. Jed went with me, and we got close chough to see that the two hawsers over the track hung about twelve inches above the rails. This pleased me, for I saw that the ropes would not get under the wheels, but would slip up over the plint of the engine and against the front end of the boller, which naturally would gradually stretch the ropes and shap them or else break the posts to which they were fastened. Besides the ropes there was a big tar barrel between the rails ready to be set on fire at nightfall.

CRASHING THROUGH THE BARRIERS.

CRASHING THROUGH THE BARRIERS. "It was 5 o'clock that night when I had steam u ready to move. Jed was helping me fire, and he worked at it like an old hand. Somehow, I felt perfectly safe on the engine, and when I ran the train out upon a telegraph key. We backed up to Medina, filled up with wood and water, and by cutting in on the telegraph wire at the abandoned depot I learned that there were no trains to fear to the southward. We waited till dark, and then started South. The sick men had cushions all around them to break any shock at the obstructions at Jackson. I ran slowly for a mile and then began gradually to increase the speed of the train. We had no head light burning, and my idea was to go through Jackson so fast that nothing could stop us. Five miles from Jackson the woods are extremely thick, but the track is as straight as a plumb line. When we entered it is level stret h I put on all the steam possible, gradually casing the the steam possible, gradually easing orduce follows. The woods on either past like black screens while myriad grang from under the driving wheels. I

strictions before I realized it.

"'Look out, Jed!' I cried, bracing my feet against the boiler. I was conscious of seeing flying forms in the darkness ahead, of a sudden jar, of a sheet of flame and unteld millions of sparks enveloping us, a pause, and then the train shot on into the darkness beyond the station as if fired from a cannon. We must have covered miss of rail before I thought to shitt off steam. As soon as I had done so, I looked around for Jed, whom I found with his arms on the fireman's sent and his head on his arms. He had been thrown against an iron bolt which had cut his forehead severely. He was unconscious, but a cup of cold water from the tender when thrown in his face revived him. He was not seriously hurt, and was soon in joily spirits. Stopping the train I went back and found that all hands were uninjured. Then after lighting the headilght we went on more leisurely to the end of the section. The officials were astonished to see a youth with a high hat run the train in, but they made a great deal of it afterward. With the exception that the stack was sprang forward a tride the engine was unhurt.

GREAT MORTALITY AMONG THE OPERATORS.

GREAT MORTALITY AMONG THE OPERATORS "That was the most exciting episode of the journey satisfy any one. When the train reached Holly Spring-Miss., where the fever had been so terrible that no one seemed to be alive in the town, the moon was shining beautifully clear. No other light was visible in the place. On one end of the platform of the depot was a huge pile of ready-made coffins, the shadows of which fell upon a row of Howard Association relief hoxes. As the train relied quiefly in shrill screams were heard utiered by some one behind the depot. Then a bromen, evidently young, but whose silver white hair was tossed by the wind and whose clothing was in fathers, ran up to the train still shricking wildly. An old man with a lantern told us that the woman had been crazed by the less of her father, mother, brothers, sisters and husband, all within a week. It was at this place that a young woman operator died at her instrument just after sending an appeal for relief.

Just secten day, and highly after highest that depot was a huge pile of ready made coffins, the

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

A BUSINESS WONAN.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Elbowing her way through the crowd in the Palmer House rotunda, a short, buxon woman, with a few silvery threads in her dark halr, walked up to the desk and threw down a gripsack with all the assurance of the veteran drummer.

"I want a room at once," she said.

"Yes'm.

"I don't want the best in the house nor the worst. For 85 a day you should give me comfortable apartments."

"Heased to serve you, madam."

Receiving her room she deposited a sum of money in the safe, read a few letters which had been awaiting her arrival, sent two or three telegrams, and found out just when the best train left for New York, all in short order.

limited to carry out his cherished plans he entered into a partnership with England. Now it is proposed to send out a complete expedition under the command of Stanley, England and Belgium to share expenses and write the command of the command of Stanley.

of stanley, England and Belgium to share expenses and gains.

"While this has been talked of France has not been idle, and a well-equipped excursion will leave the French shores for Africa under the command of General Boulanger. This proposed enterprise is almost an assured fact, as the advices I have received concerning it are from reliable persons. Boulanger will establish a line of trading posts from the Congo River to the big lakes. Another expedition will put up a clean of posts in East Africa and unite with the other line. If Boulanger can carry out this vast scheme the interior of Africa will come under French control. England and Belgium have a similar campaign outlined, and there is a grim possibility of a serious dash in the race for the conquest and development of Africa."

THE RIVAL CREWS.

YALE'S EIGHT AT NEW-LONDON.

WHO THE MEN ARE AND HOW THEY ARE ROWING.

New-London, Conn., June 21 (Special).-Yale's great ace with Harvard is the chief subject of speculation here and at New-Haven. The Yale men are improving rapidly, and are working like beavers. terrible ordeal of training these young athletes re enduring, but they are equal to the strain, and apparently flourish under it. Their appetites are deal illustrations of what a stimulus athletic exercise gives the digestive organs. All the men are browned Captain Allen's arms and back are the color of a roasted coffee berry. But color is of little conse-quence in comparison with the physical condition of this popular oursman. His muscles are as hard as whipcords, and he can row over the course without getting fatigued enough to desire to rest a moment. He is in excellent form, and rows better than he ever did before. He now weighs 163 pounds, or two pounds less than when he left New-Haven.

Last year Allen rowed at No. 7. He then weighted 169 pounds. Being directly behind Caldwell last year. Allen learned all the points for which that famous stroke was noted. His judgment is as good, at least, as Caldwell's, and his powers of endurance are quite equal to the demands upon them. Allen ha always been a "mascot," so his associates say. ever had a more popular, more genial or more capable captain.

Rogers, bow our, looks natural in his old seat. the race last year he did noble work, and in this. last year in college, he is likely to sustain his reputation. His weight last year was 160 pounds, and I tips the scales at exactly that point this year. a brother of ex-Captain Rogers, who so ably di ected the crew that defeated Harvard and broke th Like his brother, Rogers is a bor parsman, and his chief ambition, in an athletic to row in a race that will heat the record for time In the early part of the season Rogers suffered a little from over-confidence. During the last week he ha made amends for his early mistake, and now rows a smooth stroke, powerful and lasting His only wakness is in the recovery, bu Cook's coaching during the last few days has almost

Charlie Gill, of football fame, is missing from hi old seat at No. 2, and in his place is Simms, who acted as substitute last year. Gill weighed 176 pounds, and Simms weighs only 163 pounds. He is strong as Gill, however, but is not yet so accom plished an oarsman. He is slower, less cool header nd has less endurance, but his grit is equal to any demand. His blade work is uneven, his recovery uncertain and he splashes occasionally. He knows is faults and is determined to overcome every one

Brewster, who was so much admired at No. 3 la year, is at his old post again. Last year he weighed 183 pounds, but hard training has reduced hi weight to 171 pounds this year. He rowed admirably last year, and his work will quite as commendable in next week's His chief fault last year was in the recovery; but,

His chief fault last year was in the recovery; but, stronge to say, his trouble now is in the start. Hartwell is not in good condition to row, because of physical troubles, but he is still booked for No. 4. He is a splendid oarsman when in good condition, but apparently he cannot be depended upon.

Newell rowed No. 5 hast year, but he is now at No. 4. This year his weight is 182, just two pounds less than he weighed last year. He is the most powerful man in the boat, and his stroke is the admiration of all skilled, oarsman; and, guided by those less excitable, he makes one of the most valuable boating representatives Yale ever had.

Corbin, and Woodruff, Nos. 5 and 6 of last

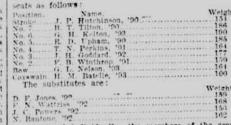
druff. Nos. 5 and 6 of last missed, and Ferris and Ives, who d them, cannot yet justiv claim ability to ac sh the work for which the former made them famous. Ferris is a '01 man, and has rowes class crew. He slides poorly, recovers slowly lashes. Captain Cook says he will come out it in time for the race, and probably the cap-ows.

is a better man than Ferris, but he does not is a perfully. Item's chief fault is in his blade. He is the largest and heaviest man in the boatmath is phenomenal, and if his work improves, may Yale will be proud of him substitutes are F. Klempite, 163-1-2 pounds, B. Morrison, 1-2 pounds. Both are new and were.

od men. George A. Adee, of New-York, arrived here yester. y. He will do his utmost to polish off the crew aring the next few days.

THE WEARERS OF HARVARD'S CRIMSON.

New London, Conn., June 21 (Special).—The members of the Harvard crew are larger and stronger than those of last year's crew. They row a stronger stroke and they row it in heiter form; but they do customed to rowing with their associates in either end. The average weight of the crew is four pounds in excess of that of Yale. The men will occupy



Considered individually, the members of the cres Yale men. Hutchinson has had long experience, hav-ing rowed since he entered college, acting as captain

of his freshman crew. As a captain he seems to be a success and to have considerable executive ability. As a strolle he is decidedly faulty, but is superior to his fellows in the points that make a good stroke. Allen, of Yale, is a much better stroke, but he is not nearly so strong. Hutchinson uses the oar with great force, but is slow in getting his hands away from his body.

Tilton is the best oar in the boat. He rowed on the crew in '88 and again in '80, and was on the water before he entered college. He is strong, never gets rattled, has excellent judgment, and his body work is without fault of any kind. He is a bettermin than any of those that sit in Yale's boat.

Ection is a giant in strength, and is doing remarkable work for a freshman. He has no end of pluck and endurance, and could easily row a six mile race. His chief fault is in not getting his full strength so distributed as to pull an even strolle from the time the oar enters until it leaves the water. If he can overcome this fault, he will be one of the most valuable men Harvard has ever sent to New-London.

Upham, another new man, is nearly as strong as gelton, but he is green yet. He made an excellent record in football at Dartmonth, but apparently he cannot get himself into shape for first-class work in a hoat. He is inclined to be slow, and nearly always fails to catch the water in the beginning of the stroke. He splashes a good deal, but when he happens to him he water correctly the boat shows surprisingly the force he uses.

Perkins rowed on his freshman crew, and was No. 2 in last year's boat. He is the most graceful oursman Harvard ever sent to New-London.

Goddard's good points are his green hand, but the way he makes up in large degree for this deficiency.

Goddard's good points are his green hand, but the way he makes the spray full reach he is sure to tumble, making a marked break in the boat.

Nelson is doing well for a green hand, but the way he makes the spray full sanghable. He uses his body well, and gets great power into the stro

From The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

From The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

H. A. Mactin, of Bennington, has started a somewhat novel enterprise. He has secured a large tract of land right above Bennington in a beautiful woodland valley, erected a hotel and a number of cottages, furnished. There are numerous trout streams and a large trout lake, plentifully stocked; in it any one can angle by paying so much per pound for their catches. Up on the mountain about one mile, there is another large lake on which has been established a hatchery, from which the lake will be thoroughly stocked every sen; fishing privileges can be bought; as this is somewhat of the nature of a club, a very attractive lodge has been erected on the shores of the lake for the convenience of the members. A number of gentlemen from Albany are interested in the enterprise.

THE WATERLOO BALL

THE FAMOUS CARRIAGE-FACTORY BALL

ROOM UNDER THE HAMMER. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the Waterloo is presently to be celebrated in a decidedly novel manner, and one not a little to be regretted. It may also be said to be discreditable to the successors of the victors in that battle. What would you say in America if Mount Vernon or the Old South Church were to come under the auctioneer's hammer? Well, the relic of Waterloo that is, on almost the very anniversary of the battle, to be sold to the highest bidder, and thereafter, in all probability, soon to be demolished altogether, is not altogether as sacred a place as these. Yet it is one of the most interesting and important memorials now surviving of "that world's earthquake"; and it has, moreover, been immortalized by one of the greatest of English poets and by one of the greatest of English novelists. That it should at this date be menaced with destruction seems certainly pitiable, and one wonders why a little of England's surplus wealth cannot be used to secure and preserve it as a historic memorial of the greatest conflict of the cen-

This structure, which is now advertised for sale at auction, is none other than the building in the Rue de la Blanchisserie in which the Duke and Duchess of Richmond gave their famous ball on the very eve of Waterloo; a brilliant gathering, graphically described by Byron in "Childe Harold" and by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair." And it is especially memorable as one of the historic features of Waterloo actually founded on fact. There are enough fanciful legends about that battle, surely. Wellington did not say "Up, Guards, and at them!" nor anything like it. Cambronne did not say "The Guard dies, but never surrenders!" nor anything like it. And so with many other alleged incidents of the battle. What is true, however, is the story of this rather frivolous and incongruous social function, this "revelry by night" in "Belgium's capital." It is almost literally true, as Byron has told it. For he visited the very spot only a few months after the event, and wrote with the pen of truth as well as of inspiration. For instance, the Duke of Brunswick, who was killed in the battle next day, did attend the ball; and whether or not he sat within a "windowed niche," he might have done so, and probably did, for there are many such deep receses in the thick walls, which naturally would have been utilized for seats. The poet describes it as a "lefty hall," which it is in comparison with the average height of Flemish apartments in those days, though fifteen feet high would scarcely now be accounted lofty for a ballroom capable of accommodating 500 dancers on

The Rue de la Blanchisserie is now a quiet, faded street, with little of its former splendor. In those days it was a particularly aristocratic quarter, and the intrusion of M. Simon and his big carriage factory was bitterly resented. M. Van Assche. who owned the property and leased it to M. Simon, was subjected to treatment that in these days would be called boycotting. Indeed, his neighbors made it so unpleasant for him that within a year or two after Waterloo he was glad to sell the property. The purchaser was M. Jacques Vanginderachter, who forthwith transformed the carriage factory into a brewery. He left it to his son, and the latter's widow now possesses it, and being in straitened circumstances, offers it for sale. For a few years the brewing business has been discontinued, and the building has stood empty, save for the Vanginderachter family and the numerous sight-seeing visitors. The floor of the ballroom is now very uneven. The bare walls

the ballroom is now very uneven. The bare walls are whitewashed. Some of the windows are boarded up. Down the centre run six huge oaken columns, chipped and scarred by relic-hunters. The smaller room adjoining, in which Thackeray pictures George Osborne and Beeky Sharp Crawley sitting out the dances, is now occupied by a huge unassed boiler.

There are still a few persons living who danced at that famous ball. One of them is a lady who lives here in Brussels, and who well remembers dancing with Sir Hudson Lowe and other guests. Another is Lady de Ros, widow of the twentieth Baron of that name. She was then Lady Georgiana Gordon-Lennox, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, who gave the ball, and on that occasion she made her first appearance in society. Her memory of it is also keen, and when King Leopold was in London the other day he called on her, and she rehearsed for him the story of that famous revelry, which occurred before his dynasty was founded. Lord Albemarle was also at the ball, being then the youngest ensign in the British army. These three are believed to be the only survivors of "the occurred before his dynasty was founded. Lord Albemarle was also at the ball, being then the youngest ensign in the British army. These three are believed to be the only survivors of "the beauty and the chivalry" that were gathered in M. Simon's carriage shop that night. By a happy coincidence, however, the present British Minister here is a grandson of one of the most conspicuous of the dancers—who was also nobly conspicuous the next day on the field of Waterloo. The name of Sir Hussey Vivian stands out conspicuously on every page of Waterloo history; Sir Hussey and his "untouched horsemen" seem to have been always at hand just when they were wanted; and his calm intrepidity more than once turned the fortunes of the fight at a critical juncture. Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian went straight from the Rue de la Blanchisserie to lead his brigade to victory and to pave his way to the necrage and other high honors. The crest of the Vivians is a demi-hussar of the 18th Regiment; the Waterloo medal still figures in their arms, and they have for "supporters" gray and boay horses caparisoned, the one bearing a hussar of the Supple 12th." Captain Allix, of the Grenadier Guards, whose name appears lower down on the Duches's list, is still represented at Brussels by his first cousin and brother-in-law, Mr. Allix, of Willoughby Hall. With a single exception he was the only officer of the 2d Batallion of Grenadiers who escaped unhurt. He afterward marched with the survivors of his battalion to Paris, and was rewarded for his valor in the field with promotion to a colonelcy.

Three books are shown proudly by Mme. Vanginderachter to all visitors. One is a blankbook, in which innumerable visitors, many of them distinguished personages, have inscribed them

"Childe Harold," in which one reads,
"La nuit retentissair des e-hos d'une fete.
On Bruxelles assemblait danies et chevaliers."
The third is a little volume in vellow paper covers, inscribed, "La Foire aux Vanites: par M. W. Thackeray" in which you may read, if you can read French, the immortal story of Rebecque Crawley, le Capitaine Osborne, and le Majeur Dobbin.

From The Philadelphia Times.

From The Philadelphia Times.

It would be interesting to know why the proprietors of ice-cream saloons in this city think it unnecessary to supply a napkin with each plate of cream. There seems to be a graduated scale of prices at the ice-cream saloons at some point on which it is decreed that a napkin shall go with the refreshment served. Plain ice-cream is unaccompanied by a napkin. Ice-cream and cake do not seem to require that a napkin should be served with them, but when the point on the scale of prices is reached which represents ice-cream, cake and strawberries a napkin is thrown in. This would look as if there were a nice calculation as to the cost of laundry work and the determination of the particular point in the prices of the orders given which will cover the cost of the luxury represented by a napkin.

will cover the cost of the luxury represented by a nap-kin.

Right here we want to insist that a naplith is not a luxury, but a necessity. Old fashioned playeers who remember E. L. Davenport in the character of BH Syless will recall the cold blooded manner in which he wiped his mouth upon the tablecloth which the domestic and immortal Nancy had laid, and we fancy that there were few who saw the suggestive action that were not in a measure prepared for the crime which Bill subsequently committed. Nowadays even people in the Bill sykes walk of life do not wipe their mouths upon their Nancies' tablecloths. At all events there is no occasion for their doing so, and certainly such behavior in a public ice-cream saloon would not be countenanced.

it right. Not all the nauscous draughts and boluses ever invented can do half as much to remedy its disorders as a few wineglassfuls-say, three a day-of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will afford it speedy relief, and eventually banish every dyspeptic and bilious symptom. Sick headache nervousness, sallowness of the complexion, fur upon the tengue, vertigo, and those many indescribable and disagreeable sensations caused by indigestion, are too often perpetuated by injudicious dosing. An immediate abandonbe the first step in the direction of a cure; the next step the use of this standard tonic alterative, which has received the highest medical sanction and won unprece-